October 16 1992 Friday

When the Hunter meets the Prey

It is as if I had forgotten all about her, when she so much a part of me.
She is the essence of delight, the me that is the bewilderment. (She is for lack of a better term a "beast")
A hound with an ~~[illegible]~~ unbridled passion to consume, devour, dominate, control, manipulate
When she goes out on the hunt - it is on all fours,
she is a beast.
She uses her sense of smell ~~to~~ catch the scent of her prey ~~in the wind~~
From around corners they stare, and from alleys they scamper to gaze into her eyes of brown
Deep with want, pain and inevitably HUNGER.
Her scent, she in estress, hits them between the eyes
like a mirror dangling in a babies crib they gaze
dazed with amazement at how much she is like they.
When the hunter meet the prey!